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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

NUMBER 41.

## POETRY.

### AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF-MUTE.

DEAF! Not a murmur or a loving word  
Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea,  
The pealing thunder, and the cannon's roar  
To him are silent—silent as the grave.  
Not quite; for, ever, when God takes away  
He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet,  
The crash of falling things, the waves of sound  
Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force  
To us unknown. Vibrations of the air  
Play through his frame, on sympathetic nerves,  
Like fine-strung instruments of varied tone.

DEAF! Not a murmur or a loving word  
Can ever pass his lip. The cry of rage,  
The voice of friendship, and the vows of love  
Freeze on his tongue, so impotent of sound.

But does not that intelligence is null  
In that doomed mortal. Gaze upon his eye—  
A speaking eye!—an eye that seems to hear  
Even by observing, and that gathers more  
From flickering lights and shadows of a face  
Than duller mirrors can gain from spoken words.  
The age of miracles hath past; but man  
Can summon art and science to his aid,  
And cause the faculties of sight and touch  
To act imperfectly for speech and ear.

The deaf-mute seems by Nature formed to be  
A delicate artificer, and skilled  
In subtle operations of the hand.  
He can be taught to read, and thus to learn  
The story of the Present or the Past,  
Or by quick signs to share his inmost thoughts  
Chiefly for those whom he yearneth most,  
His fellow sufferers! Nay, it sometimes happens  
That men, like Kiltor, left of senses twain,  
Have, by their lore, electrified the world,  
And won the crown of literary fame.

Spare not your gifts, ye wealthy of the land,  
To these afflicted brethren. Ye to whom  
Heaven's grantees that sweetest of all blessings, health  
And the keen joys of each corporeal sense,  
Aid those to whom these blessings are denied,  
And shed some sunshine o'er their gloomy lives.  
Let us all tread, as closely as we can,  
In the blest footsteps of that Holy One  
Who went about, forever doing good,  
Making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

## STORY TELLER.

### MRS. GAY'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOOTT.

Bang, bang, went the front door, as  
Mr. Bennet and the boys hurried off  
to store and school, leaving Mrs. Ben  
net to collect her wits and draw a long  
breath after the usual morning flurry.

The poor little woman looked as if  
she needed rest, but was not likely to  
get it; for the room was in a chaotic  
state, the breakfast table presented  
the appearance of having been devastated  
by a swarm of locusts, the baby  
began to fret, little Polly set up her  
usual whine of "I want sumpin to  
do," and a pile of work loomed in the  
corner waiting to be done.

"I don't see how I shall ever get  
through it all," sighed the despondent  
matron, as she hastily drank a last  
cup of tea, while two great tears rolled  
down her cheeks, as she looked from  
one puny child to the other, and felt  
the weariness of her own tired soul  
and body more oppressive than ever.  
"A good cry" was pending, when  
there came a brisk ring at the door, a  
step in the hall, and a large, rosy  
woman came bustling in, saying, in a  
cheery voice, as she set her flower-pot  
down upon the table: "Good morn  
ing! Nice day, isn't it? Come in ear  
ly on business and brought you one  
of my Lady Washingtons, you are so  
fond of flowers."

"Oh, it's lovely! how kind you are.  
Do sit down if you can find a chair; we  
all behind hand to-day, for I was up  
half the night with poor baby, and  
haven't energy enough to go to work  
yet," answered Mrs. Bennet, with a  
sudden smile that changed her whole  
face, while baby stopped fretting to  
stare at the rosy clusters, and Polly  
found employment in exploring the  
pocket of the new comer, as if she  
knew her way there.

"Let me put the pot on your stand  
first; girls are so careless, and I'm  
proud of this. It will be an ornament  
to your parlor for a week," and open  
ing a door Mrs. Gay carried the plant  
to a sunny bay window where many  
others were blooming beautifully.

Mrs. Bennet and the children fol  
lowed to talk and admire, while the  
servant leisurely cleared the table.

"Now, give me that baby, put your  
self in the easy chair, and tell me all  
about your worries," said Mrs. Gay,  
in the brisk, commanding way which  
few people could resist.

"I'm sure I don't know where to be  
gin," sighed Mrs. Bennet, dropping in  
to the comfortable seat, while baby  
changed bearers with great composure.

"I met your husband and he said  
the doctor had ordered you and these  
chicks off to Florida for the winter.  
John said he didn't know how he  
should manage it, but he meant to  
try."

"Isn't it dreadful! He can't leave  
his business to go with me, and we  
shall have to get Aunt Miranda to  
come and see to him and the boys  
while I am gone, and the boys can't  
bear her strict, old-fashioned ways, and  
I've got to go that long journey all  
alone, and stay among strangers, and

these heaps of fall work to do first, and  
it will cost an immense sum to send us,  
and I don't know what is to become  
of me."

Here Mrs. Bennet stopped for  
breath, and Mrs. Gay asked briskly,  
"What is the matter with you and the  
children?"

"Well, baby is having a hard time  
with his teeth and is croupy. Polly  
doesn't get over scarlet fever well, and  
I'm used up; no strength or appetite,  
pain in my side and low spirits. En  
tire change of scene, milder climate,  
and less work for me, is what we want,  
the doctor says. John is very anxious  
about us, and I feel regularly discour  
aged."

"I'll spend the day and cheer you  
up a bit. You just rest and get ready  
for a new start to-morrow; it is a sav  
ing of time to stop short now and  
then and see where to begin next.  
Bring me the most pressing job of  
work. I can sew and see to this little  
rascal at the same time."

As she spoke, off went Mrs. Gay's  
bonnet, and by the time her hostess  
returned with the overflowing work  
basket the energetic lady had put a  
match to the ready-laid fire on the  
hearth, rolled up a couch, and easy  
chair, planted baby on the rug with a  
bunch of keys to play with, and sat  
blooming and smiling herself, as if  
work, worry and November weather  
were not in existence.

"Tot's frocks and Polly's aprons  
are the things I'm most hurried about;  
they need so many, I do like my chil  
dren to look nice among strangers,"  
began Mrs. Bennet, unrolling yards  
upon yards of ruffling for the white  
frocks and pinafores, with a glance of  
despair at the sewing-machine, whose  
click had grown detestable to her ear.

"Make 'em plain if you are in a hur  
ry; children don't need trimming up,  
they are prettiest in simple clothes.  
I can finish off that batch of aprons  
before dinner, if you will put that  
ruffling away. Come now, do; it will  
be a load off your mind, and Polly  
don't know the difference."

"I always do trim them, and every  
one does," began Mrs. Bennet, who  
was wedded to her idols.

"When I was in London I saw a  
duke's children dressed in plain brown  
linen pinafores, and I thought I'd never  
seen such splendid babies. Try it,  
and if people make remarks, bring in  
the English aristocracy, and it will be  
all right."

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Gay's  
eye that made her friend ashamed to  
argue, so she laughed and gave up  
the point, acknowledging with a sigh  
that it was a relief.

"It is this mania for trimming every  
thing which is wearing out so many  
women. Necessary sewing is enough;  
then drop your needle and read, rest,  
walk, or play with the children, and  
see how much you have lost hereto  
fore by that everlasting stitching.  
You'd soon get rid of that pain in your  
side if you'd let the machine  
stand idle while you went out for an  
hour every day."

"Perhaps I should, but I can't leave  
the children, Biddy is so careless."  
"Take them with you. Roll baby  
up and down that nice, dry sidewalk,  
and let Polly run before, and you'd be  
a different set of people in a month."

"Do you really think so?"  
"Not only that, but if you'd change  
your way of living, I don't believe  
you'd need to think of going to Flori  
da at all."

"Why, Mary Gay, what do you  
mean?" demanded Mrs. Bennet, sit  
ting erect upon the couch, in her sur  
prise at this unexpected remark.

"I have often wanted to say this  
before, and now I will, though you  
will think I'm an interfering woman  
if I do. Never mind, if I can only  
save you further worry and expense  
and suffering, I won't mind if you are  
offended for a time. In the first place,  
you must 'move,' and Mrs. Gay gave  
such a decided nod that the other lady  
could only ejaculate, "Why? where?  
when?"

"Because you want more sun and  
space, into this room because you will  
find both, and to-day because I am  
here to help you."

Mrs. Bennet gave a little gasp and  
looked about her in dismay at the  
bare idea of living in her cherished  
best parlor.

"But the back room does very well,"  
she protested. "It is warm and small,  
and handy to the kitchen, and we al  
ways live there."

"No, my dear, it does not do very  
well, for those very reasons. It is too  
warm, and small, and near the kitchen  
to make it a fit place to live in, es  
pecially for little children. Why don't  
you put your plants there if it is such  
a nice place?" asked Mrs. Gay, bent  
on making a clean sweep of her friend's  
delusions and prejudices.

"Why, they need more sun and air  
and room, so I keep them in here."

"Exactly! and your babies need sun  
and air and room more than your  
roses, geraniums and callas. The  
plants would soon die in that close,  
hot, dark, north room; do you wonder  
your babies are pale, fretful, and weak?  
Bring them in here and see how soon

they will bloom if you give them a  
chance."

"I never thought of that. I'm sure  
I would do anything to see them well  
and hearty, but it does seem a pity to  
spoil my nice parlor. Wouldn't the  
best chamber overhead do as well?"

"I want that, too, for your bed-room,  
and the little one at the side for the  
children. You use the back chamber  
now, and have the cribs there also,  
don't you?"

"Yes, my patience! Mary, would  
you have me turn my house upside  
down just for a little more sun?"

"Do you love your best rooms bet  
ter than your children? Hadn't you  
rather see them spoiled by daily use  
than empty and neat, because the lit  
tle busy feet were gone never to come  
back? I'm in earnest, Lizzie, and I  
know you will agree with me when  
you think it over. My own dear little  
boy was killed by my ignorance, and I  
have learned by sad experience that  
we mothers should make it the study  
of our lives to keep home healthy and  
happy for our boys and girls, no mat  
ter how much we sacrifice show and  
fashion. Come, now, try it for a  
month, and see if you don't all feel  
better for enjoying the best and sun  
ny side of life."

Mrs. Bennet's eye wandered round  
the pretty room and went from Polly,  
singing to herself as she sat looking  
out of the pleasant window, to baby,  
contentedly playing bo-peep through  
the bars of the fender with the yellow  
flames, which were his 'delight, then  
came back to her friend's kind, earnest  
face, and seemed to wake with sudden  
energy and life and resolution.

"I'll try it," she said, feeling that it  
was a heroic thing to give up all her  
cherished ideas and put her Sunday  
best things into everyday wear. But  
Mrs. Gay's words touched and start  
led her, and with a self-reproachful  
pang she resolved that it should never  
be said she loved her plants more  
than her children, or that her house  
should ever miss the sweet clamor of  
baby voices if she had the power to  
keep that music there.

"Good! I knew you would, and I'm  
going to show you how easy it will be  
to change the climate you live in as  
well as the scene, and lighten your  
work, and benefit your health without  
going far away," cried Mrs. Gay,  
delighted with her success, and eager to  
see that her reform was carried out.

"What will John say?" and Mrs.  
Bennet felt inclined both to laugh and  
cry at the thought of the coming revo  
lution.

"He will approve; men always like  
to have things bright and roomy and  
nice about them. I've been through it  
and I know, for when we kept in  
two rooms we got careless and nar  
row and low spirited. Now we live  
all over the house, and keep every  
thing as bright and pretty and nice as  
we can. George doesn't shut him  
self up in his untidy den, but stays  
with me, and people drop in, and we  
have a social, happy time of it, all en  
joying our good things freely together,  
and feeling the worth of them."

"How do we begin?" asked Mrs.  
Bennet, fired with the spirit of equal  
ity now that the first shock was over,  
for John did shut himself up because  
the dining-room was so full of an even  
ing with two tumultuous boys, and the  
little woman wanted to see her hus  
band during the only leisure hour she  
had out of the twenty-four.

"I should just move all the delicate  
things into the little library there out  
of the way of the children. That  
room is rather bare, and they will make  
it more attractive. Leave the pic  
tures; they are safe, and it is good to  
have pretty objects for your eyes to  
rest upon. Put the covers on your  
furniture, a large druggist over your  
carpet, and take that other bay-win  
dow for Polly and baby's play corner.  
It is sunny and snug, and looking out  
always amuses them; and at night  
you can just drop the curtains behind  
the recess and hide their little clutter  
without disturbing it. In the other  
window there is room for your table  
and chair, and close by the machine.  
There you can sit as in a bower with  
your flowers about you, a pleasant  
view outside, and everything cheerful,  
wholesome and pretty, three very im  
portant things to a woman. Keep up  
the open fire, it is worth a dozen fur  
naces, and have a thermometer to be  
sure you don't get too warm; that  
takes all the strength out of you and  
makes taking cold easy."

"It wouldn't take long to make the  
change. John isn't coming home to  
dinner, so we can be all ready by  
night, if you really can stop and see  
me through the job. I declare I feel  
better already, for I am tired to death  
of that back room, and don't wonder  
Polly is always teasing to 'go in par  
lor.' The boys will dance for joy to  
get full swing here, they are never al  
lowed it, except Sundays, and then  
they behave nicely and seem to enjoy  
the piano and pretty things, and so  
does John."

"Yes, I'll do it right away," and up  
jumped Mrs. Bennet, finding her most  
powerful impetus in the thought of  
pleasing "father and the boys."

Working and talking busily togeth  
er the friends soon made the necessary  
changes below, to the great delight of  
Polly and the entire bewilderment of  
baby, who fell asleep on the best sofa,  
as if bound to make the most of his  
comforts while they lasted.

A hasty lunch, and then, with Biddy  
to lug heavy articles, they rearranged  
the chambers, making a splendid  
nursery of the large one and a nice  
sleeping room of the smaller one, for  
the two children.

"Now you see you can undress them  
by this pleasant grate, and then put  
them away in a cool, quiet place to  
sleep undisturbed by your older people.  
Only be sure the little mattresses and  
bed clothes get a good airing and sun  
ning every day. You can shut the  
door, and let them lie for hours as you  
couldn't in the back room, and that is  
a great advantage," said Mrs. Gay, who  
was in high spirits at carrying every  
thing before her in this fine style.

"It is lucky we seldom have guests  
to sleep in winter, for that north room  
isn't at all my ideal of a best chamber,  
though we have put some of my pret  
ty things there. I feel like company  
myself in here, and John won't know  
what to do with so much space, I've  
kept him cramped so long. It does  
seem a shame to shut up this big room  
and not enjoy it. Mary, I have been a  
goose, and I'm glad you came and told  
me so."

Contented with that confession, Mrs.  
Gay kissed her convert, and leaving  
Biddy to finish off, she took her de  
parture, with many last injunctions  
about "air, oatmeal, brown bread, and  
sunshine."

When Mr. Bennet and the boys, who  
had been enjoying a holiday, came  
home to tea, amazement fell upon them  
at the sight of mamma and the babies  
waiting in the new sitting-room, with  
the announcement that there was not  
going to be any best parlor any more.

When the events of the day had been  
explained and discussed, a sort of ju  
bilee ensued; for all felt that a pleas  
ant change in the domestic atmosphere  
had taken place, and all enjoyed it im  
mensely. Mrs. Bennet played and the  
boys and Polly danced and papa fro  
licked with baby, who forgot his teeth  
and crowded gleefully till bedtime.

Of course Mr. Bennet had his joke  
about women's notions, and his doubts  
as to the success of the plan, but any  
thing that cheered up his wife pleased  
him, for his heart sank at the thought  
of home without her, and Florida was  
a most distasteful idea to him. He ex  
pressed much satisfaction at his im  
proved quarters, however, and that re  
paid Mrs. Bennet for the sacrifice she  
had made, though he, being a man,  
could never know how great a one it  
was.

It took some time to get fairly set  
tled, but the sunny side of things grew  
more and more delightful, as the  
change of scene and better influences  
did their quiet work. The children  
soon showed the effects of the daily  
sunshine, the well aired chambers, sim  
pler food, and cheerful play place al  
lotted to them, for these little creatures  
show as quickly as flowers their sus  
ceptibility to natural laws. Polly was  
never tired of looking out of the win  
dow at the varying phases of street  
life, and her observations thereupon  
gave her mother many a hearty laugh.

Baby thrived like a dandelion in  
spring, though infantile ills occasion  
ally vexed his happy soul, for the mis  
taken training of months could not be  
rectified all at once, or teething made  
easy.

Mrs. Bennet had her moments of re  
gret as she saw the marks of little fin  
gers on her paint and furniture, watch  
ed the fading of her carpet, and labor  
ed vainly to impress upon the boys  
that whitening, ball and marbles had  
better be confined to the dining-room.  
But the big, pleasant parlor was so in  
viting with the open fire, the comfort  
able chairs, flowers, babies, work and  
play, that no one could resist the  
charm, and tired papa found it so at  
tractive that he deserted the library  
set apart for him, and spent his even  
ings in the bosom of his family, to his  
wife's great delight.

People got into the way of dropping  
in, not for a formal call in the prim  
best parlor, but a social visit with gos  
sip and games, music, or whatever  
was going on, and soon it was gener  
ally agreed that the Bennets' house  
was the pleasantest in the neighbor  
hood.

The Doctor's studying joke was,  
"Well, ma'am are you ready for Flori  
da?" and the answer with ever increas  
ing decision was "I guess we can get  
on a little while longer without it."

It certainly seemed as if the chief  
invalid could, and now that the sew  
ing machine had long rested, and the  
dual linen aprons needed only a bit  
of braid to finish them off, Mrs. Ben  
net found many a half hour to prac  
tice, read, walk with the children, and  
help the boys with lessons or play.

In the evening it soon became to be  
a habit to clear up the parlor, get the  
babies easily to bed, make herself neat  
and pretty, and be ready to show papa  
a cheerful face when he came home.  
For, being no longer worn out with

unnecessary stitching, languid, for  
want of exercise, and nervous for the  
need of something to break the mo  
notony of a busy house-mother's life,  
she had spirits to enjoy a social hour,  
and found it very sweet to be the cen  
ter of a happy little circle who looked  
to her for the sunshine of home.

"Some of us must go to Florida to  
get well, but a great many people  
might save their time and money, and  
make a land of flowers for themselves  
out of the simplest materials, if they  
only know how," said Mrs. Gay when  
the Bennets thanked her for the ad  
vice which did so much good, and  
every one agreed with her.

## THE LATEST NEWS FROM PHILA DELPHIA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 29th of  
June last a deaf-mute pupil, whose  
name is William Hilyard, who left his  
school for his vacation on the 26th,  
was struck down by a locomotive,  
which belonged to the P. W. & B. Co.,  
while walking on the railroad, without  
hearing or feeling a jar. It happened  
between New Castle and Wilmington,  
Delaware. The flesh of his left leg  
was smashed, and his left arm was in  
jured. He was taken to the Pennsylv  
ania Hospital, situated on Ninth and  
Pine streets. He was released from  
the Hospital on the 27th of August.

On the 30th of last August a deaf-mute  
lady named Miss Martha Smith,  
who was formerly a pupil of the Penn  
sylvania Deaf-Mute Institution, was  
accidentally run over by a wagon load  
ed with beer or whiskey, on Third  
South street, while crossing the street.  
She was seriously injured around her  
body. She is now getting better at  
her home on Fifteenth street, near  
Third street. The driver was arrested.  
Last Thursday evening the guild meet  
ing was re-opened. Her friends were  
surprised to see her there, and to see  
her getting better.

The Sabbath-school children of the  
Eighth United Presbyterian Church  
very much enjoyed their excursion to  
Glenolden Grove, seven miles from  
Philadelphia. Among these people,  
there were eight deaf-mutes. They  
were invited by a kind-hearted boat  
owner to take a ride. There was a  
base-ball game between the speaking  
club and five deaf-mutes and four  
speaking boys. The former was vic  
torious over the deaf-mutes by a score  
of 7 to 5.

Mr. David B. Glenn, a graduate of  
the Pennsylvania Institution, came  
here from Carlisle, Pa., with his neph  
ew, Mr. John McGeohan, on the 11th  
of June last, and stayed two days be  
fore starting for New York. They  
went to New York and got on board  
a steamer, and sailed for Europe on  
the 13th. They stayed there nearly  
three months. He came back in the  
steamer City of Berlin on the 12th  
of this month. He traveled through  
seven European countries.

Mr. Jacob Koehler, a student of the  
National Deaf-Mute College, was in  
town last week, and paid his friends  
a visit for a few days. He left here  
for Washington on the 19th inst., at  
the beginning of the term. He left  
school here last year, after two years'  
studies. He is from Scranton, Pa.  
His father is a German teacher.

Mr. George Slifer, a graduate of the  
Pennsylvania Institution, for Deaf  
Mutes, in 1874, is twenty-one years  
old, and is working in the large wool  
en and cotton mills of Thomas Dolan  
& Co., in the north-east part of Phil  
adelphia. He is a weaver by trade,  
and is doing well. He is a member  
of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Literary  
Association.

Mr. David D. Togg, formerly of the  
Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf  
Mutes, has been working in a saw-mill  
for many years in Camden, New  
Jersey. A few weeks ago he moved  
to Woodbury, N. J. He is now work  
ing on a farm. He has been a mem  
ber of the Clero Literary Association  
for 13 years.

Henry S. Jones, formerly a pupil of  
the Pennsylvania Institution for the  
Deaf and Dumb, was released from  
his imprisonment of nine months in  
the Moyamensing Prison, in the south  
-east part of Philadelphia, last Decem  
ber. After a few weeks he became in  
sane, and was taken to the insane de  
partment of the almshouse in Phil  
adelphia. He is still there. He is 22  
years of age.

On the third Thursday evening of  
this month the meeting of the deaf-mute  
Ephaphatha Guild was opened.  
In the absence of Rev. H. W. Syle,  
Mr. William R. Cullingsworth presided.  
About 35 deaf-mutes were present.

Two weeks ago Rev. H. W. Syle,  
our valuable pastor, went away to  
spend his vacation. On the 22nd of  
this month, in his place, Mr. Martin  
C. Fortesque conducted the services  
for deaf-mutes in the chapel of St.  
Stephen's Church. He is now the  
secretary of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute  
Literary Association. We hear  
that Rev. Mr. Syle is improving in his  
health during his absence, and is ex  
pected here this week.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 25, 1878.

## SUNDAY READING.

### INVOCATION HYMN.

We gather here with one accord,  
To sound our Savior's name abroad;  
We ask not wealth or worldly fame,  
But ask for faith in Jesus' name.

We seek for riches from above,  
Life, peace and happiness and love;  
Bestow on us all needful aid,  
Our offerings and our prayers receive.

Where two or three assembled are,  
In thy dear name for praise and prayer;  
The Comforter descends to bless,  
And fill each waiting heart with grace.

Confirm our faith, our zeal inspire,  
Come fill each heart with heavenly fire;



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1878.

HENRY C. RIEBER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; this best writers contribute to it.

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### DECAPITATIONS.

The western and southern institutions for deaf-mutes have of late been especially notorious for charges, investigations, and change of personnel. Among the latest we note the retirement of Superintendent Talbot, a veteran in the profession, from the Iowa Institution, and the resignation of most of his teachers—the old and valuable among them. Cause: A species of economy that seems to be a growing fashion, and is about as sensible and necessary as the Grecian bend of old. The treasury will be better off to the tune of a few dollars, and the feathers in the hats of the reformers of the gorgeous hue. All of which being gained, we suppose it doesn't matter if the deaf-mute pupils suffer; anybody is good and wise enough to teach them, and everybody should have a chance of course. By the way, Mr. J. H. Kennedy, a teacher, has been promoted to the charge of the educational department, and some gentleman, new to the business, installed as superintendent over all.

In Nebraska, Mr. R. H. Kinney, the principal, has retired, the trustees doubtless wanting somebody else. Mr. Kinney has been a hard and successful worker in that new State, and has always shown ability of a high order. It remains to be seen what sort of a man is to succeed him.

Mr. Jenkins has left the Arkansas Institution, and Professor Hammond, of Indiana, succeeds him as principal, to stay, we suppose and hope. The position of principal of an institution for the deaf is confessedly one of much importance, requiring special fitness. It is not competently filled till years of service have ripened the incumbent, nor is its vacancy supplied in a day unless for good and proper cause. We think it very poor policy to drive out a man, by one or more of the petty ways that are generally resorted to.

### A HUNTING EXCURSION AND FEAST.

A few days ago a squirrel hunt was fixed upon by some of the young men of this village. Thursday, the 3d inst., was named for the day; Charles Dayton was chosen captain of one party and George Butler of the other. Each captain had 13 hunters, and the stakes were a game and oyster supper to be paid for by the side which should be defeated. Although designated as a squirrel hunt, as usual, the hunters were not confined to that particular game, but many other species were admitted in the count, a list being made up and the number which each kind of game admitted would count being specified.

Some of the hunters left home Wednesday night and others early on Thursday morning. The day was faithfully employed, and the woods were scoured in all directions, each captain and his men being anxious to defeat the opposite party. In the evening when the hunters had all returned there was a grand display of mixed game of great variety, among which were ducks, partridges, rabbits, squirrels, one goose, and many other species of four-footed and winged game. Upon counting the scores of each side it was found that Butler's men had won the contest, they having a total count of 1,310, while that of Dayton's men was 1,100.

The supper came off on Friday evening, October 4th, and was served by Moses Dillon, of the Empire House. It was complete in all respects, and equal to the best of city hotel banquets. The tables groaned under their burden of game, oysters, and the *ceteris* in such cases made and provided, and the waiters were attentive to their duties. The hunters and several invited guests did ample justice to the solids and luxuries which were placed before them.

After supper the hunters and guests repaired to the town hall, which is in process of construction, the Helicon Band, standing in front of the Mexico Hotel and discoursing sweet music. Arriving at the town hall, the band there furnished a few more selections of music, after which, the interior of the hall being in comfortable shape for the purpose, it was initiated by a dance.

music for the occasion being furnished by Messrs. T. H. Webb, G. Landers, W. M. Flint, members of the band, and also Oratio Daniels and Lafayette Taylor, violinists. Dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning. The whole affair was one of much enjoyment, and our thanks are due the managers of the hunting party for an invitation, which was honored by ourself and wife.

### THE HANLAN—COURTNEY SCULLING RACE.

Owing to poor arrangements not over 10,000 people witnessed the race. The afternoon opened beautifully at Lachine, and the water was almost as smooth as glass, but at 3 p. m. a storm of hail and rain, accompanied by lightning, came up and continued half an hour. A calm and sunshine followed, and at 4:30 the men were called out.

The preliminaries were easily settled, and the word was given by ex-Speaker Harding, of the New Brunswick House, Hanlan won the toss and chose the outside. The race was a beautiful one from the start to the finish. Hanlan was not over a boat's length ahead at any time, and for some distance in the second mile Courtney was fully a length and a half ahead. This was the time when the gale sprung up, and both men pulled out of their course for some distance to get under the lee of Dixie Island. Deviations in both ways to avoid wind and gain the advantage of currents and eddies amounted to more than half a mile, making the distance nearer six than five miles. Both men appeared to save themselves for the finish. Hanlan ranged from 27 to 34 strokes per minute and Courtney from 28 to 35. The hearts of the Canadians sank low at the turning of the buoy, though Hanlan turned two seconds ahead, Courtney having to pass Hanlan's buoy to reach his own. Hanlan made a graceful sweep around with both oars, while Courtney turned at a sharp angle with one only. They came down the course almost side by side the final mile, close enough to talk to each other, which they did several times. In the dusky light neither of the men seemed to know where their stakes were, and when they did see them they had completed the race with in a few feet. Turning quickly with his left oar Hanlan swung around under Courtney's bow, barely clearing it, and rowed at a perfect right angle until he touched the stake. Courtney stopped dead to prevent running over Hanlan. He appeared to drop his oars and look quickly in both directions for his post, and when he saw it pulled out for it, but it was too late. Hanlan touched the stake and pulled up to Courtney, who shook hands with him and slapped him on the back. Both appeared as fresh as ever. The steamer whistles shrieked, and there was considerable cheering. Hanlan beat Courtney by a length and a quarter.

The time of the race was 36 minutes and 22 seconds; up to the turning buoy, 21 minutes and 25 seconds; last half, 14 minutes and 57 seconds. Courtney said he was beaten by rough water, which is believed by many, but some of the professional gamblers maintain that he sold the race.

AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE WITH A FEMALE BOOK AGENT.

The editor of the Santa Clara (California) *Echo* is happily deaf, and thus tells of his adventure with a female book agent (the book was not a female of course).

We thought everybody in the State knew we were deaf, but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day; she wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in a book. She had received a liberal education, and we could not, in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book. We had listened attentively, and here broke in with:

"What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rignarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper, and, making it into a speaking trumpet, placed it into our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood-vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced:

"I am alone in this world—"

"It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and a father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."

"Oh, what a fool the man is!" she said in a low tone, and then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you; I want to sell a-b-o-o-k."

This last sentence was howled.

"We don't want a cook," we remarked blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow a good-looking woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous."

She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed: "I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think that somebody was knocking at the door."

You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.

For the cure of Erysipelas and other Blood diseases Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is worth its weight in gold. See the Doctor's advertisement.

### EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Ex-President Ulysses S. Grant has subscribed five hundred dollars for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers of the South.

A boiler in a steam saw-mill at Detroit exploded, killing Jesse Foreman, seriously injuring four others, and destroying the mill.

The entire business portion of Palestine, Tex., was destroyed on the 2d inst. by a fire which caused a loss of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

The yellow fever, which at one time was supposed to be in check, still continues its terrible havoc in many of the cities and villages of the South, and a heavy frost is hoped for with the greatest anxiety.

Charles Crane, who was sentenced to three years in the State Prison, broke from the sheriff having him in charge, jumped from a train running thirty miles an hour, at Aurora, N. J., and escaped through the woods.

It is alleged that through the cashier, J. B. Calder, allowing three or four friends to overdraw or have funds, there is said to be a defalcation of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in the Grocers' and Producers' Bank, a State institution, at Providence, R. I.

A serious outbreak is reported from the island of St. Croix. It is said that there is great destruction of property, and that several prominent whites have been murdered by negroes. The population of the island is about 33,000, a large portion of which is colored.

The new Continental Telegraph Company has opened its office in New York, and completed the laying of five wires between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Officers of the company say they will have independent lines to Boston, Cincinnati, and Chicago within a year.

The steamer United States arrived from Savannah at Boston on the 1st inst. When twenty miles south-east of Cape Romaine, September 26th, her crew saw the brig Thomas, from Charleston for Liverpool, on fire, and her crew were rescued and taken to Boston by the United States.

The opulent as well as others are subject to the closest scrutiny of the New York custom-house officers, and William Astor, who recently returned from Europe, has been sued by the Government to recover the amount of duty on certain wearing apparel contained in his baggage.

Wesley W. Bishop, accused of the murdering of his wife, and, conjointly with Mrs. Cobb, of killing Mr. Cobb, has confessed that he poisoned his wife by administering to her three grains of morphia. Connecticut is fast forgetting her time-honored title of "The land of steady habits."

A Minnesota paper published an interesting account of a man who was struck dumb while defying the Almighty. A few days later the reputed dumb man called in to see the editor, and from the conversation which took place the latter was free to admit that the man was not as speechless as reported, and he now has but little faith in modern miracles.

It is reported that the Cheyenne Indians are committing horrible outrages east of Denver and north of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, killing ranchmen, burning houses, and committing other depredations. Thirty-seven men are reported killed at Buffalo Station, Sheridan post-office has been destroyed, and three ranches broken up. The soldiers and settlers are pursuing the Indians.

Some sections of the South-West apparently are very hazardous places for mail stage routes. For instance, the contractor for carrying the mails between Northworth, Tex., and Fort Yuma, Arizona, lately reported that he had been robbed twenty-seven times in the past six weeks by Mexican bandits. At one time, when the coach contained seven hundred pounds of silver, the robbers seized the vehicle and drove away with their plunder. He has secured from the War Department an order for a detachment of troops to accompany the coach.

When the stevedores removed the hatches of the steamer City of Chester, of the Iuman line, and which was docked at the foot of Charlton street on the 4th inst., a man was discovered in the hold of the steamer who had smuggled his passage. The man was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat or drink, except a bottle of whiskey, since he went aboard drunk at Birkenhead, on the 24th of September. The man, after a little stimulating with beef tea, was able to give an account of himself, and said he was a Scotchman from Dumbarton. He was taken by an ambulance to Bellevue Hospital.

A panic came very near occurring a few days ago at one of the grammar schools in New York. On the morning of the 4th inst. all the scholars were engaged at their school duties when a little girl, who is subject to fits, threw up her hands and screamed, "Miss Fay"—one of the teachers, of cry was understood to be "fire" and for a few moments there was great consternation, which almost approached a serious panic, but through the efficient management of the principal and teachers order was soon restored without any serious results. There were twenty-four hundred scholars present on the above-named occasion, and such is the system of drill at the school that, without excitement, in ordinary cases of an alarm of fire the building can be cleared of its inmates in about two minutes.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The Iowa Institution is to publish a paper.

The Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-Mutes has at present 25 pupils.

Diphtheria has lately been prevailing to some extent at the Virginia Institution.

John W. Wagoner, a graduate of that school, recently visited the West Virginia Institution.

Superintendent P. G. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution, lately visited Cincinnati on business.

The friends of Miss Guside Raymond will be glad to learn that she is at home in Rainsville, Mich.

The National Deaf-Mute College has about ten students from Ohio, four of them being from Cincinnati.

Mr. Ponny, a deaf-mute of Rome Center, Mich., lately visited R. B. Reaser and family at Rainsville, Mich.

President Johnson, of the Michigan Institution board of trustees, has returned from his European tour.

J. L. Piles, graduate of the West Virginia Institution last term, is at Romney, W. Va., working in a shoe-shop.

The *Chronicle* office has lately been supplied with new type by Colonel Bond, supervisor of Ohio State printing.

John and Erving Starks, last year's pupils at the Virginia Institution, are now students at the National Deaf-Mute College.

W. Matthews Currier, one evening recently, gave the Michigan Institution people a talk about "what he saw in Europe."

An impostor, pretending to be a deaf-mute, has been "bull-dozing" some of the people of Rockford, Ill., but the old trick was soon discovered.

During her vacation Miss Elbertine M. Bolt, a pupil of the Michigan Institution earned considerable pin money setting type in the office of the Monroe County (Michigan) News.

Miss Mary A. Mayberry, a pupil of the Kansas Institution who served but two years' apprenticeship in the printing class, is now a compositor in the Fort Scott *Monitor* office at a salary of \$9 a week.

There was an arrival of a son at the house of R. B. Reaser at Rainsville, Mich., on the 7th of last August. Mr. Reaser has now more than one child to be brought up in his household.

Mr. Yeager, of the Kentucky Institution, made a flying visit to his numerous friends in Newport, Ky., and Cincinnati, O. It is understood he was out there on business connected with the institution.

During vacation the interior of the main building of the Virginia Institution was repaired, and the color of the doors and window frames changed from walnut to oak, giving the rooms a much more pleasant appearance.

BELLEVILLE, Ky., has only one deaf-mute. Her name is Miss L. McEneaney, a cigar-maker by occupation. She is one of the liveliest and prettiest girls in Kentucky. She was at one time a pupil of the Ohio Institution.

A few days ago a deaf-mute tramp, representing himself to be David W. Hammon from Waterville, Me., made his appearance in Cincinnati. He was on his way to Indianapolis, Ind., where he expected to get a situation. He was a pupil of the American Asylum.

H. F. Hines, of Danville Junction, Me., says: "Many years ago I was a wood-chopper. When I was thirty I went down to a large brook and made a hole in the ice. While I drank a large, plump trout bit my nose, and I fished it out of the hole with my nose."

Miss Anna Collins, of Whitehall, N. Y., writes: "I do not understand how you could have made such a great mistake as to say in your paper that my father, John A. Hall, had gone to Chicago to look for a situation. I doubt if he could be persuaded to go so far from home. He has always lived on this farm, and probably will live here the remainder of his life. On September 11th he was married to Edward Collins, who went to Chicago on the 16th, and now has obtained a good situation."

[I assume way we made the mistake from the reading of a letter received from Mrs. Collins.—Ed.]

NATHAN KRANKER, a deaf-mute, formerly of Vienna, Austria, was recently received into the old Cincinnati Church Deaf-Mute Society. Though he had been living in Cincinnati for six years, strange to say, he never knew of the existence of that society till a few days ago, when he happened to meet a deaf-mute who introduced him to its members. He is a graduate of an articulation school, in Vienna, and is a tailor by trade. Though he does not understand the English language he manages to make himself very well understood. He will, no doubt, be an ornament to that society.

Mr. George T. Schofield, a teacher in the Institution for the education of the deaf and dumb at Danville, Ky., is in the city. He is hunting for undisciplined children to send to school, which commences on the first of October. This is a school supported by the State. All deaf-mutes between the ages of ten and thirty years are admitted free of tuition and board. For catalogues and information, address Prof. John A. Jacobs, Principal, Danville, Ky. Mr. Schofield has been visiting the mountains for two weeks past and found many undisciplined deaf-mutes. He will remain in this city and Newport for a few days.—*Covington, Ky., Commonwealth, Sept. 17, 1878.*

The Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, formerly located at 70 South St. Paul street, Rochester, N. Y., was removed to 263 North St. Paul street last August, and is very pleasantly situated on the bank of the Genesee River. The school re-opened September 9th. It has one hundred pupils, and nine teachers, three of whom were appointed this fall: Mr. Ward T. Sutherland, a graduate of the Rochester University, Miss Lucy McGill, of the Rochester Free Academy, and Miss Mary Loney, of Elmira College. Miss Anne A. Thompson, who taught there during the past year, has gone to Boston University to acquire herself with Bell's system of "visible speech." She is expected back to the institution next year.

SEVERAL YEARS ago Mr. and Mrs. Cole had with them for two or three weeks two young ladies from the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Jacksonville, Misses Devore and Jacoby. These two young ladies accompanied Miss Townsend, of this place, home for the purpose of learning from Mrs. Cole the art of making fair flowers. The young ladies were very apt scholars and became proficient in the art in a short time. They are both exceedingly ladylike in their deportment, and Mr. and Mrs. Cole became much attached to them. Miss Devore was a very rapid writer, and conversed freely in this manner. They did very many things which appear wonderful for persons bereft, as they are, of two of the most important senses. That the young ladies will find much of happiness in this world, and many warm friends wherever their lot in life may be cast, is the wish of Mr. and Mrs. Cole and others who met them while here.—*Logan County Paper.*

New school-deaks are being put into the Kansas Institution.

SEVEN deaf-mute families have their homes in Jackson, Mich.

THERE are thirteen girls applicants who wish to learn to set type in the *Star* office.

The Colorado Institution, being "a house on a hill," is well aired by the autumnal winds.

THERE are 96 pupils in attendance at the Kansas Institution—48 each of males and females.

COLONEL S. N. Wood, of Kansas, lately visited the superintendent of the Colorado Institution.

On account of weak eyes Miss L. S. Cartwright has had to quit setting type at the *Star* office.

Some of the older boys of the Colorado Institution recently had a picnic, and enjoyed an excellent time.

A correspondent says that Rev. Dr. Galland is expected to attend the Episcopal Conference at Cincinnati, O., October 18th.

CRIZZES of Colorado Springs have lately been subscribing funds for the purpose of purchasing new type for the *Index* office.

A party of pupils of the Colorado Institution think of visiting Pike's Peak before long. On some days the peak can be seen from the Institution.

Miss Lora Curtis, formerly Miss Lora Neal, once a pupil of the Kansas Institution, took one of the promissory for graceful home-back riding at the last Kansas State fair.

Mr. F. M. Tuttle's picture of W. J. Higgins, notice of which has been given, is now completed and is now on exhibition at J. Payne's store on Main street.—*Genewa, N. Y., Paper.*

On the 10th of September Frank Cately, a well-known compositor, of Cincinnati, O., went to Hillsboro, O., on business for a few days. He is a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

It is rumored that the board of trustees of the Maryland Institution have resolved to have a printing-office at that school, and that there are prospects of starting a paper.

Mr. E. N. Bowes, with his family, has been visiting his old home in Northern Indiana. Many years ago his father settled in Michigan city and purchased property which is now very valuable.

Miss F. Smithson, (formerly Miss Gordon), of Cincinnati, O., returned to her home, much improved in health after two weeks' sojourn in Elizabethtown, O. She was the guest of Miss Mary E. Guard.

JOSEPH L. Clemens, night-watchman of the New York Institution, has been very sick with typhoid fever, in consequence of which he is much reduced in flesh. At last accounts he was getting better.

At the Rev. A. W. Mann's last service at Jackson, Mich., on Saturday, Sept. 29th, four persons received the sacrament of baptism, administered by the Rector, the Rev. D. Johnson. Mr. Mann interpreted the formula.

MANY classmates of Max Morganthau, of Cincinnati, O., will be pleased to learn that he is doing well at cigar-making. He was formerly a pupil of the Ohio Institution, for five years, and of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, New York city, for two years.

As aged deaf-mute tramp named James Beatty, a native of Ireland, bearing a letter from Rev. Dr. Galland, called at an institution about two months ago in search of work. He was literally cut in pieces by a train of cars on the M. & T. R. Y., at Junction City a few weeks ago. Another victim of track walking.

PROFESSOR Job Turner has to turn his face towards the South again, to labor for the deaf-mute missionary cause as he did last winter. He is already on his way southward. He will deliver his last sermon, till next summer, on the 13th inst. He compliments himself that his work is greatly blessed by God.

THE MEXICO JOURNAL remonstrates with its non-paying subscribers in a most sensible manner. The Editor's suggestion that money is needed in running a paper, may strike some people as a new and peculiar idea, but even in our limited experience we have found that "money makes the mare go."—*Index.*

CHARLES DABIEL, a deaf-mute of Hagerstown, cut his throat from ear to ear. His wife shared the neighbors, and a physician was summoned, who sewed up the wound. He was very weak from loss of blood, etc., but is still living. His wife is also a mute. No cause for the act is known, but it is surmised that depression, caused by disappointment in regard to obtaining property to which his wife was thought by him to be entitled, contributed to it.—*Hagerstown Mail.*

It is the old action and green speeches made by people who visit institutions like this could be collected they would make a large and most amusing book. Here's our latest. The officer whose duty it is to show visitors around had spent an hour or two waiting on a very genteel couple—lady and gentleman. At the front door, as they were departing, the gentleman said:—"I suppose you don't go back on small things," at the same time drawing from his vest pocket a dime, and offering it to the officer, who was compelled to acknowledge that he did "go back on small things."—*Gazette.*

FORTUNE did not favor Frank Hartman, who recently played deaf-mute at Ann Arbor. He went around with a card soliciting alms, stating that he was deaf and dumb and the father of a numerous progeny, all in destitute circumstances. One of the city police, who has a brother educated at the Michigan Institution, had no difficulty in detecting the imposture. Hartman was invited to accept the hospitality of the place in the lock-up. The next day he found himself before a dispenser of justice, who soon sentenced him to a year's confinement at the Detroit House of Correction.

WE are sorry to learn that the pupils of the Kansas Institution were badly sold and sorely disappointed as below related by the *Star*: "It was advertised all over this part of the country that a grand fair balloon ascension would take place on last Monday. The pupils were all on the tip-top of expectation, it being a new thing to the majority of them. A number of the girls, in company with some of the female teachers and sister standing four or five hours in the hot sun, and after having almost dislocated their necks in trying to see anything that resembled a balloon, they came to the conclusion that it was a 'hoax,' and most assuredly it was."

Mr. Darwin might turn to some account a story which is told in the German papers about the matter in which an intelligent dog adapted himself to his condition. A deaf and dumb lady living in a German city had as companion a young-fellow woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elderly lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than two years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute silence.—*London Examiner.*

THE Rev. A. W. Mann held a service at South Bend, Ind., with a good attendance.

THE actual attendance at the Central New York Institution, October 5th, was 120 pupils.

THE Kansas *Star* has been sadly neglected by the committee on improvements, and is feeling blue.

MISS Pistol is a deaf-mute attending the Kansas Institution. Does she ever go off, accidentally or otherwise?

THE industries were not discussed at Columbus, much to the *Mirror* man's surprise. There are some things that are not debatable.

MR. E. H. Chapin, of the West Virginia Institution, has secured the autographs of nearly all the prominent at the Columbus convention.

MR. C. F. Green, treasurer of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union of Worcester, Mass., is in New York city on business, for a few days.

THREE of our regular correspondents have been appointed teachers this fall. We hope they will not give up the idea of writing any more for our paper.

At the deaf-mute service held at Trinity Church, Niles, Mich., three children of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hudson were baptized by the Rev. A. W. Mann in the absence of the rector, the Rev. Dr. McMurdy.

MR. JOSEPH O. Sanger, who preached to the deaf-mutes at their hall in Gorham's Block, Worcester, Mass., last Sunday, had a very good attendance. Among them were Mr. Moses Heyman, of New York city, and Mr. W. H. Krause, of Boston.

MR. Henry Frank, instructor in the California Institution, took a recent two months' pleasant trip through Oregon and Washington Territory. He called on his old classmates, Mr. W. S. Smith, one of the Oregon Institution. Mr. Smith has 6 1/2 acres of land, and improvements thereon valued at \$2,500.

INTERESTED parties in Ohio appear to be trying to make out that it's all a humbug to have a printing-office at the institution there, and that deaf-mutes don't make first-class compositors, etc. It seems that they do their work as well as to seriously affect the trade of the regular printers in the State, who are consequently down on them.

LAST Friday night the deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass., eight in number, went together with a team to West Boylston, six miles from that city. There they had a corn-husking party at Mr. Cyrus L. Knight's, an elderly deaf-mute. Following this was a splendid farmer's supper, after which they returned home, where they arrived about midnight. They enjoyed a jolly time.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, can be consulted and will magnificently treat patients who may desire her assistance at her office, No. 231 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O. The terms of Mrs. Gray are that all medicines are to be paid for on delivery. Half of the price charged for treatments to be paid for at the commencement of the balance at the commencement of the last half. Office hours from 8 A. M. until 12 M., and from 2 P. M. until 5 P. M.

### A Table, for those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

OCT. 13th, 1878.

#### MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 13th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—1st Samuel xii.  
2d Lesson—Luke xii.  
English Lectionary.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah v.  
2d Lesson—Col. ii, 1-8.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

#### EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 13th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—1st Samuel xvi.  
2d Lesson—1st Peter iv.  
English Lectionary.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxii or xxxv.  
2d Lesson—Luke xi, 1-29.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

### A KIND VOICE.

The following extract from Elihu Burritt's latest work, "Clips from Many Blocks," is a fine specimen of simple, monosyllabic English, and at the same time contains some excellent ideas. It is written especially for the little folks: There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that rings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

### Local Paragraphs.

A clear,



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

ST. JOHN, Sept. 29, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Yesterday I went over the river St. John to Castleton, a thriving suburb of the city of St. John, situated on the western side of the harbor, immediately opposite the city. It has a number of steam saw-mills. From Castleton heights a beautiful view is had of the city of St. John, the suspension bridge, lunatic asylum, the bay, and, on clear days, the shores of Nova Scotia. A steam ferry-boat maintains communication with the city every fifteen minutes. Castleton is the eastern terminus of the European and North American Railway, which ends at Bangor, Me.

In 1604 Champlain regarded himself as the first discoverer of the harbor of Saint John, and, in honor of the day, that of Saint John the Baptist, gave the river the name which it has ever since retained. At Castleton he found a collection of Indian wigwams, surrounded by a high palisade, or wooden wall. Afterwards a Jesuit father was found living there, and endeavoring to learn the language of the savages; perhaps in order to make Catholics of them.

In 1630 a French nobleman, Charles de La Tour, commenced building a fort at that place and called it Fort La Tour. It was two hundred feet square and had twenty-four mounted guns. He commanded it many years, and generally had two or three hundred soldiers under his command. He carried on a large trade with the Indians, buying as many as three thousand moose skins in a single year, besides large numbers of beaver.

In 1640, there arose violent differences between La Tour and Charnisy, who had a fort at Annapolis. N. B. Charnisy succeeded in having La Tour's authority revoked, and an order issued for his arrest, which La Tour treated with contempt.

In 1643 Charnisy attacked La Tour's fort with five ships and five hundred men, but the latter defeated him with aid which he had obtained from Boston.

In 1645 Charnisy took advantage of La Tour's absence to make another attack; but La Tour's heroic wife encouraged the garrison, and beat him off, and his ship was obliged to retire to the fort in a sinking condition. He, however, returned to La Tour's fort with a stronger force, and bombarded it from the land side, as General Scott bombarded the impregnable castle at Vera Cruz in the same way. For three days La Tour kept him at bay, though her garrison were weak, but, on the fourth day, which was Easter Sunday, April 16th, 1645, while the garrison were at prayers, a treacherous sentinel opened the gate to the invaders. Lady La Tour courageously rallied her little band of fifty men against the enemy; but finally, to save further blood, surrendered to Charnisy, who cruelly hanged all the garrison except the brave lady. She was so much discouraged that she died in a few days, leaving an infant who was sent to France. Charnisy being drowned in the river, La Tour took possession of the fort again, and held it a long time. Strange to say, he married Charnisy's widow.

Allow me to say a little more about the deaf and dumb institution here. Mr. Abell, the energetic principal, told me that his wife had gone to Mon-ton to see her sister, who was ill. He would have given me a warm welcome, but for not only her absence but also the unfinished condition of the institution. He said Mr. Woodbridge, the new successor of Scott Hutton, had entered upon his duties, as Principal of the Halifax Institution, and that he would look for two new teachers, all the old officers having resigned.

I have received my kind assurances from the Episcopal clergy that they will always be happy to have me come and hold services in the future.

I leave here for the United States to-night, to officiate in Augusta next Wednesday night and in Portland next Sunday afternoon.

Yours, &c.,  
JOB TURNER.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 30, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last night I left St. John, sorrowful that I had not accomplished any good there, though I had received very kind assurances from the clergy that they would be glad to have me come and hold services with them in the future, as I stayed but a very short time.

I stopped over at Passadumuck, very early this morning, and walked about four miles along the beautiful Penobscot to see my old friend, Mr. John Emerson, a deaf and dumb gentleman of very good acquirements, whom I had not seen for many years. I took him by surprise, but he recognized me as soon as he saw me. He said he was very glad to give me a cordial welcome. I was much pleased to find that he had not changed much. He is pleasantly situated on a very fine farm of one hundred and fifty acres, on the Penobscot, from which are presented very fine views. The Katahdin Mountains can be seen from his house. He said that his house was planned by himself, and that it was framed on the 4th of July, 1862. He lives in his own house by himself—an old bachelor. I am afraid that he will be a confirmed hermit after a while. He says he likes farming, and indulges in literature at the same time. He once taught us about ten days during the illness, or absence, of our teacher. He has always been regarded as a good scholar and poet. He

showed me his library, and cabinet-case of minerals. He showed me a full-grown pear tree, which he called a monument to the memory of the silver-pitcher presentations to Gallaudet and Clerc, on the 26th of September, 1850. He told me that the tree had grown from a seed. He picked the pear near the American Asylum, ate it, and saved some seeds, which he planted at his house. The tree has grown from one of these seeds. He came near being killed by a bull last year. The bull gored him badly, and tried to crush his breast with his head. He is very fond of flowers, and knows a great many of them by name. He says he is third cousin to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the celebrated author. This morning I took leave of him, and returned to the depot on foot. I was about starting for Bangor when I met Mr. Rowe, the Maine deaf-mute evangelist. I take the cars for Augusta, Me., in the morning.

Yours, &c.,  
JOB TURNER.

ANGUSTA, Me., Oct. 2, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I am the guest of Rev. Samuel Upjohn, whose father was the architect of Trinity Church, New York city, and with whom I have, this evening, conducted a service before a good number of deaf-mutes, some of whom came from a distance. I will give you readers a biographical sketch of each of them.

William M. Scoles, of this city, works in a large sash, window and door factory, and his pay, though reduced by the hard times, enables him to support his widowed mother and two sisters comfortably. What a dutiful son and affectionate brother he is to them! His boss told me that he was a good "boy." He has a deaf-mute sister, Mrs. Annie R. Larabee, whose maiden name was Annie R. Scoles. Mrs. Larabee is visiting here, but expects to join her husband in the upper country in a very short time.

Madison F. Sawtelle, of Sidney, Me., is a good farmer, living seven miles from this city. He takes the Journal, and says he cannot do without it, as it is a pleasant companion for him in the solitary country. He is called a keen business man; that is he knows how to make money by raising and selling good horses, and the products of his farm, to take care of his elderly parents, who idolize him, and treat him with tender kindness. His father will leave him the farm when he dies. He enjoys single blessedness.

John Abbott lives on a farm nine miles from here. He is single. He makes tables, desks, &c., when he is not doing farm work. His house stands on a high hill, commanding a view of the surrounding country. He raises sheep, cattle, &c.

Philip Kendall, of Whitefield, is a farmer, residing about eight miles from here. His parents are aged.

Mrs. Anna Ellis, formerly Anna Marr, lives not far from here. Her husband, Frank Ellis, is out working as a carpenter. Her sister Hannah lives with her.

Ira Marr, of Augusta, complains that he cannot get work on account of hard times. He married a speaking girl.

Orin Lovejoy, of this county, lives in a small house, a hermit, without any company. He says he is happy.

Benjamin Lovejoy is a farmer, about ten miles from here. He has two deaf-mute daughters, at the Hartford school, and a deaf and dumb son, 10 years old, at home.

Charles Folsom, of West Waterville, is a fine-looking young man. He is a carpenter.

All the above-named mutes, except Mr. Kendall, attended the service. I start for Portland to-morrow morning.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Oct. 4, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Duty it was that brought me hither yesterday for one day. Thankful I feel that my object was happily accomplished.

I have been making a very brief sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Page, who are so much interested in the welfare of this, the Biddeford and Saco Mission, as are the other deaf-mutes of these cities.

I will now prepare for your paper a historical fact of this mission. It was established here on the 29th of April, 1874, through the instrumentality of Mr. William B. Swift, of Marblehead, Mass., whose uncle is Thomas Brown, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute Cincinnati. It has been in existence four years, with the kind assistance of the good people of these places who love to practice charity, which is, I am inclined to believe, a characteristic of the people. This society was organized and Mr. Roscoe G. Page, a deaf-mute, now deceased, was its first president, which honor he enjoyed but one year, when consumption carried him off. A good Christian he was, for he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He often said that it would be wrong for him to preach to deaf-mutes while he was not a member of any church; that is he remained unbaptized. The force of his conscience it was.

At the election of the second president he was present at the meeting, though he was almost too weak to walk; that is, he only tottered on his feet. The choice having gone to Mr. John W. Page, the retiring president exhorted all the members present to serve the Lord always, and said that he should not live long. Cool he must have been in this solemn trial. This event took place on Friday, the 18th of June, 1875. Among the members was Mr. William Martin Chamberlain, now a teacher in the deaf and dumb institution at Rome, N. Y., who officiated on the following Sunday. The retiring president could not attend the service on account of his poor health.

Mr. Chamberlain waited on him home, and left him there, I believe, never again to see him. The latter died a very calm death, in a short time. His good character and pleasant disposition had endeared him to all who knew him.

Mr. William Bailey officiated for this society about one year, since which time several deaf-mutes have done the same duty.

Since its formation, five of the members of this society have been summoned away, each of them dying a happy death, under the charge of Mrs. John W. Page, who had often taken pains to explain to them the way to be led to that blessed place, heaven. I will give their names as follows: Miss Matilda B. Bannison, Miss Nancy Hamilton, William T. Lament, Miss Nancy Small, and Mr. Roscoe G. Page, all graduates of the American Asylum. The first three of them expired within the walls of Mr. Page's house.

Roscoe G. Page was, I am told, once an inmate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has once conducted a service before this society.

I would like to write more, but I must steam off in a few minutes.

Yours respectfully,  
JOB TURNER.

### NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The college was re-opened with a game of base-ball, and so great was the interest in this national pastime that the first question asked of every new comer was "Is he a good player?" instead of "Is he smart?" But, in truth, there is material enough in the new students to make the Kendall Base Ball Club strong enough to recover its former reputation. We have at last what has been sorely needed in the club, a good catcher, who minds his own business, and does his duty without any attempts at showing off his skill. The outfield is complete now and the bases are well filled. The Kendalls are in high spirits over their newly acquired strength and full of confidence in their ability to compete successfully with any club in the city, except the Nationals. It is the addition of three members of the Independent Base Ball Club that has placed the club on so strong a footing. But thinks I hear some one exclaim "What do I care for base-ball?—tell us something more important than the skill of the students at playing ball." So enough of this subject for the present.

Among the applicants for admission to the college the greater number are semi-mutes, some of whom have lost their hearing but recently; indeed the number of congenital mutes can be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The majority of them came from Ohio, entering the advanced preparatory class, with one or two conditions. The college seems to be full of "Ohioism;" Ohio takes a leading part in our societies, in our base-ball club especially, and in our daily debates.

The honor of having sent the first student to this college belongs to the Hartford Institution, from which some of our best graduates have come, and it is represented by three young men, or rather boys, for they have not yet passed the heyday of their youth. Year after year representatives of the noble old institution are becoming fewer and fewer. Why is this? Has the school which Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet founded, and in which Laurent Clerc taught, degenerated since then?

This year not one new student has succeeded in getting a foothold in the freshman class; even Indiana, whose students have been hitherto more fortunate than those of other States, failed in her prestige.

Arithmetic was, as usual, the stumbling-block of the new comers. Most of them were well learned in the higher branches of literature, but in simple arithmetic, grammar and natural philosophy they were remarkably deficient—a moral for their instructors. Not long ago one institution sent to this college a student well crammed with astronomy, logic, and rhetoric, but he landed upon his feet in the lower preparatory class. More regard should be paid to the three "r's"—rithmetic, readin' and ritin' on the part of those preparing for this college. An applicant with a fair knowledge of these simple yet practical studies needs not fear of entering the advanced class, if not the freshman class. There are three cases of two students bearing the same name, viz: Smith, Sawhill, and White. One has been so often founded for the other that a new name is invented for each.

The annual meeting of the S. S. was held, at which nine new students were successfully initiated into the mysteries of the society. More would have been admitted if all the old members had been faithful to their oath of secrecy, but there were one or two babblers who had betrayed the secrets of the society to several new comers. By the motion of one of the members, a vote was passed to the effect that the names of the traitors were to be hissed at whenever mentioned. While we were in the midst of our mysterious rites our stern president came to the door, having probably been attracted by the light at the windows. He surveyed the scene for a moment in silence. While some knees shook, the loud, boisterous laugh became suddenly hushed and a few visages took an unwonted color. At length the grand marshal, dressed in a red gown, arose from his chair of state, and turning to the president, asked him if he would not like to be admitted as an honorary member. In reply, he said, with a smile, that he knew all about it, having been initiated into a similar society in his

younger days. He then withdrew amid the lusty cheers of the students.

A new student called a hack, upon his arrival at the depot, and ordered it to be driven to this college, but from some misunderstanding on the part of Jehu, he was conveyed to Howard University. It was not until after the hack had gone that he discovered his mistake; then another vehicle was hired for him.

Wilbur N. Sparrow, of the '77 class, is now a teacher in the primary department, having taken the place of Miss Gordon, who resigned from her position in order to be a teacher of articulation in that department.

We were glad to learn that Messrs. Freeman and Simpson, of the '78 class, have been appointed teachers, positions for which they seem peculiarly fitted by their talents and training. Gray, of the same class, has come back for a more extensive study of mathematics and is called a senior graduate. Holloway is driving the quill in some office—of what kind we do not know.

The Reading Club has been dissolved by a majority vote of the members on account of that bone of contention, rule fifth. The room is locked up and left to solitude. Some of the students have clubbed together for the purpose of subscribing for papers.

Herbert M. Mallick won a three-mile walking match during vacation. The prize was a purse of \$5. On the 4th of July, in the presence of four thousand spectators, he entered the race with ten other competitors. At the end of two miles all but two of his contestants dropped out, and he reached the goal first. All this was done in the midst of a drenching rain.

George C. Sawyer was lucky enough during vacation to obtain a position as a copyist in the Patent Office. The powerful influence of his father; ex-senator from South Carolina, was sufficient to procure him a position which another student had tried in vain to obtain. Even with the aid of Senator Daves. During the second month, Geo. C. Sawyer was promoted to fill a vacancy with higher pay, but he resigned when this college re-opened.

### BOSTON NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday, the 15th ult., while we were at prayers, the sad news came that a sister society at Lowell had been robbed of its funds, amounting to \$250. This sum of money was stolen from Mr. Wright, the treasurer, by some burglar, who entered his house at the dead of night and took it out of a bureau drawer. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for our brethren and sisters of Lowell. But, as actions speak louder in sympathy than mere words, several prominent members offered their services as preachers, free of charge, until such a time as the unfortunate society is able to stand upon its legs again. Among those who have proved their friendship in an hour of need is George A. Holmes, and his disinterested act of generosity will not soon be forgotten by the deaf-mutes of Lowell.

Mrs. Lynde, the intelligent leader of our Bible class, has been re-chosen for another year. She is the right woman in the right place. For a clear understanding of the most difficult passages in the Bible she stands second to none in the society.

An excellent sermon, in the solemn form of the Episcopal Church, was delivered by Professor Job Turner in St. Paul's, on the 8th inst. There were present Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, regular attendants of the church, Mr. Livingstone, of Boston, Mr. Wm. E. Swift, within whose active brain was born the Industrial Home, Mr. Lewis Vail, of New York, and many others whom my memory can not recall at this date. Truly must Professor Turner have rejoiced to see such an intelligent audience.

While the cry of wail, that arose from the unfortunate victims of the yellow fever, was heard all over the land, and contributions for their relief being sent from almost every quarter, that wail was not unheard even by deaf ears in Boston, for, on the 8th inst., Mr. Lynde and Prof. Turner made an eloquent appeal for a contribution to the yellow fever fund. The audience that happened to be present was not very large, but Messrs. Lynde and Turner struck a chord of sympathy in the hearts of the members, that responded warmly to their appeal. Mr. Lynde asked, "Suppose the case was reversed and we ourselves were the victims of the dreadful plague, how then should we feel?" The collection box was passed around, and \$3.52 was raised. Then we took this sum to the mayor, explaining, to him that this "widow's mite" was all the Boston Deaf-Mute-Society could give, as the number in attendance was small, and no previous notice had been given. His Honor replied, pleasantly, that he was glad to see such a spirit on the part of the deaf-mutes and that their contribution, small as it was, would be as much welcome as that of other societies which gave out of their abundance.

Boston has a deaf-mute, not over 20 years of age, who is already the champion walker of New England, and that, too, after only five months' practice. He is very promising, and under careful management, might develop into a fast walker. His best time, made upon a smooth, level track, was a mile in 6 minutes and 53 seconds—a feat that is considered wonderful for so short a period of training. Hitherto he had been his own trainer, but a certain gentleman by the name of Dr. Blodgett, has taken him into his hands and proposes to train him. It has been the purpose of the young pedestrian's friends to match him against Mr. T. H. Armstrong, of New York, the amateur champion of this country,

whose best time on record is a mile in 6 minutes and 23 seconds. The Boston Herald contains the following account of our champion:

"Alexander W. Gerry, the deaf-mute who walked a mile in 6m. 53s. on Friday, walked two separate miles in the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association this morning in the following time: First mile, 8m. 54½s.; second mile, 7m. 34½s. The track is rubber, and has sharp curves at the four corners. On a good course Gerry bids fair to become a formidable rival in pedestrianism."

John G. Saxton, of Troy, N. Y., who was then spending a day or two in Boston, called at the gymnasium to see Mr. Gerry, with the writer. Mr. Saxton, being something of a walker himself, desired to see how Mr. Gerry walked. The youthful champion was nothing loth to show off his paces, although he had been practicing that very afternoon, and must have been a little tired. He started at a long, swift pace that might have seemed to a novice in the art of walking like running. Edwin W. Frisbee, a member of the gymnasium with Messrs. Gerry and Krause, stepped upon the track after the first half-mile had been passed. It was quite amusing to see the far-famed base-ballist trying to keep up with the pedestrian, who, thus excited to a feeling of rivalry, increased his paces to such an extent that he soon distanced his pursuer. The other half-mile was soon passed, and the time made over the course, one mile, was 7 minutes and 13 seconds, a very good time considering the four sharp corners of the gymnasium. If Mr. Gerry can reduce his best time to 6 minutes and 23 seconds, he will challenge Mr. Armstrong to a trial of speed and endurance next spring. The deaf-mutes of Boston want to know if the New Yorkers can produce a deaf-mute who can beat Mr. Gerry, and if they can they will arrange a match between the two.

On the 11th ult. George McEwen, a deaf-mute of Scotch blood, entertained the members of the society, with several droll stories told in an amusing manner. In signs, half-natural and half-acquired from intercourse with others of his class, the stories were related with such a minuteness of description, and such an air of drollery, that it was almost as good as a pantomime, and we nearly rolled off our seats with laughter. Add to this the expression of humor and imagery in the whole bearing of the man, especially upon his countenance, and the effect was irresistible. McEwen is employed as a sailor on board one of the steamers belonging to the White Star Line, plying between New York and Liverpool. At the conclusion of his stories, a vote of thanks was passed upon him by the society.

DEAD SHOT.

### WHO ARE THE BLESSED.

Blessed is the man who minds his own business and attends only to his own affairs, and not the affairs of his neighbors.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Blessed is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your father.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people or children.

Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and canary birds.

Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people that are contented to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls upon the virtues of her "dear departed" for No. 2 to emulate.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking her what she is going to do with it.

Blessed is the woman who don't scold when the stove pipe falls down on the dinner table and—blessed is the man who can fix it up without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of your umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy with his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Where are the blessed?

Echo answers, "Where?"

### GERMAN WIVES.

The culinary art forms a part of the education of women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or with a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be termed the post of servant, or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship in domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this—she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes, on

the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal palace. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time who was educated in this way. Consequently the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.—*Cor. Boston Traveller.*

### FEMALE BORROWERS.

A FEW SENSIBLE REMARKS ABOUT THEM.

In a recent number of the *Rural New Yorker* Mrs. A. E. Story has the following sensible remarks on female borrowers, which many of our deaf-mute readers will heartily appreciate: Does it ever enter into the mind of the woman who complains of the borrowing propensities of her neighbors that the lenders are themselves in a great measure responsible for the borrowing? Certain it is that borrowers would soon "cease from the land" if there were no one found to encourage the thriftless habit. The habit of borrowing grows upon one as habits generally do, whether good or bad, and the woman who begins by borrowing an occasional drawing of tea, or a bank of thread, will soon ask you for your latest magazine, and that before her leaves are hardly cut, or your best table-cloth when she has "company," as coolly as though she thought you must feel it a privilege to lend them. Her table-cloths are always "in the wash" at such times. She is always forgetting to send to the store for tea, sugar, starch, and a dozen other things, and the reason she forgets them is, she knows you have them and will lend them to her.

If her aunt's cousin is going to be married, and she is going to the wedding, she is sure not to have time to get ready for so grand and particular an occasion, and so you are asked to ransack your boxes and drawers for something that will set off her old dress and make her a fitting guest. She will remind you while you are doing this that her complexion and style of features are peculiar, and that only certain things—which she mentions, and which she knows you possess—will become her.

You have been years, it may be, getting the conveniences of housekeeping about you, and your neighbor, who has been too slack or thrifless to do the same for herself, uses them. She lets her tub fall to pieces in the sun, and then does her washing in yours. She runs her candles in your moulds, twists her stocking yarn on the wheel your grandmother left you, sifts her pumpkins through your colander, and grinds her spices in your mill, and you may count yourself fortunate if, when these things are wanted by yourself, you do not have to go after them.

"Please, ma'am, will you lend me a little salt?" Tommy has cut his thumb.

"Mother would like to borrow a little kerosene, if you have it to spare."

"Pa has lamed his back so he can't work, and ma wants him to read to her; could you lend him a paper?"

"We want to go visiting this afternoon, and would you please let us take the baby's carriage?"

This is the way you are pestered, almost daily, if you belong to the great army of lenders and are so unfortunate as to live next neighbor to a chronic borrower. You bear it with a meek submissiveness that has become habitual with you, until Mrs. Slack comes in some day and requests the loan of your switch, as she is going west on a visit to her dear mother, and her hair—which is getting thin—"couldn't have been nearer the color of yours if it had all grown on one head," and, "while she is there and thinks of it, she will take a fine-tooth comb if you have one handy."

An ominous flash leaps to your face at this, and your neighbor flies home empty-handed, no doubt to call you the meanest woman alive, but she comes back the next morning for your traveling bag, and you lend it, thankful that the woman has a mother out west, and hoping that her visit will be a long one.

Now some of the troublesome people will read this article. They will borrow the paper and read it and so sponge both on the publisher and subscriber who has paid for it, and unless the heading should provoke their ire as suggesting something "personal," they will want to see whether some woman they know of "catches it."

My dear friend if you are an habitual borrower, this is for you. Don't you know that the tea you get of your neighbor is better than what you send back! Don't you know that you don't always return quite as much as you get? And don't you know, too, that it is possible for the neighbor to get out of tea while she is waiting for you to pay what you owe her! And don't you sometimes forget to pay it at all? Don't you know that you burn her brass kettle every time you have to "make up your preserves?" and that you dull the knives of the sausage-grinder and then fail to sharpen them? Have you never thought what trouble you cause your neighbor when obliging her to send to your house for the flat-irons every time she wants to use them? And has it never occurred to you that you are doing her an injury, not only in the wearing out of the various conveniences which her forethought has provided, but in appropriating to your own service time which belongs to her and to her family, and to which you have no manner of right.

### DEDICATORY HYMN: SONG OF WELCOME.

[The following hymn, composed by Mrs. E. M. Gray, mother of Miss Leona Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was sung for Hope Chapel, Cincinnati, O., at its opening services, Sunday, September 15, 1878.]

Welcome dear friends to our Hope Chapel home,  
A home for the weary, the sorrowing, the sad;  
Arest in life's battle where weak ones grow strong,  
A shelter in conflict, a solace in song.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Come join us beloved, in this our dear home.

Our standard is Christ, our theme is His love,  
Salvation from sin for all who will come.  
The needy find strength here, comfort and aid;  
Ye tempted and tried come rest in this shade.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Come join us beloved, in this our dear home.

With Christ for our portion, and God for our friend,  
We cannot be lonely, despondent or sad;  
The dear-loving Savior environs us round,  
And we joyfully sing, for grace doth abound.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Come join us beloved, in this our dear home.

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### THE TRADE DOLLAR.

Secretary Sherman writes to a friend at Mansfield, Ohio, giving the history of the trade-dollar. He says this dollar was authorized by an act of February, 1873, and was intended for trade, not for circulation; was made legal tender for \$5, and at the time of the passage of the act was actually worth, including the 1¢ cents for coinage, a little more than 104 cents in gold. Under such circumstances there could be no object for the owner to put the coins in circulation, consequently they were exported, chiefly to China, where they obtained an extensive circulation. Afterward the unforeseen depreciation of silver bullion occurred, and it was found profitable to circulate these coins on the Pacific coast. The people of the Pacific coast objected to this, and congress in July, 1876, repealed the legal tender qualities of these coins. Last fall, trade-dollars became of less value than paper dollars, and the owners of silver bullion put the trade-dollars in circulation at their face value at considerable profit. The coins were thus put into circulation months after the passage of the act taking from them their legal tender character. In their coinage and issue the treasury department never had any interest, nor derived any profit. For the expense of their coinage the owner of the bullion reimbursed the government with the transaction. At no time and on no account have they ever been received or paid out by the treasury. The treasury can only purchase the trade-dollar as bullion.

### DEATH OF GEORGE KNIGHT.

Our citizens were much shocked today to hear of the death of George Knight, which occurred at between eleven and twelve o'clock this (Tuesday) forenoon. We are told that he was first taken sick last Sunday night, and that his complaint was bowel disease. Mr. Knight was well and favorably known to everybody in the village and its vicinity, was remarkable for his industrious habits, and will be very much missed. The family has our sympathy.

Twenty-six of a gang of counterfeiters were recently arrested by United States officers in Kentucky, and a large amount of machinery captured.

### MARRIED.

BREDS-SMITH.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, October 2d, 1878, at 11 o'clock A. M., by Rev. D. T. ELLIOTT, Mr. George W. Breds, of Ballston, N. Y., to Miss Annie M., only daughter of Moses Smith, a deaf-mute of Jonesville, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

After the ceremony the company adjourned to the dining-room to partake of the marriage feast, and after a season of social enjoyment the bride and bride-groom departed by their own carriage for a tour into the north part of Fulton county. The company comprised over fifty persons, mostly young ladies and gentlemen.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 2d day of February, 1876, made and executed by Patrick Ryan and Johanna, his wife, of the City of Oswego, in the County of Oswego, and State of New York, as mortgagors to William T. Barnes of the same place, as mortgagee, and the mortgage is recorded in the clerk's office of the County of Oswego, aforesaid, in book of mortgages No. 108, at page 133, on the 4th day of February, 1876, at 4 o'clock P. M., and whereas the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage, at the date of the first publication of this notice, is the sum of two hundred and eighty-five (285) dollars and seventeen (17) cents for interest, and that said sum is the whole amount contained in the said mortgage, and interest remaining unpaid.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, according to the statute in such case made and provided, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, duly recorded therewith, as aforesaid, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises herein and therein described, by the subscriber, the mortgagee therein, at public auction on the 13th day of September, 1878, next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Law Office of N. W. Nutting, in the City of Oswego, in said County of Oswego, corner West First and Bridge streets.

The following is a description of the mortgaged premises, as so aforesaid, to be sold, substantially as they are contained in the said mortgage.

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Oswego, aforesaid, in the first ward, described as follows, to wit: Being the South-east quarter of lot No. fifty-nine



# PROF. JOB TURNER IN BRITISH AMERICA.

St. John, N. B., Sept. 28, 1878.

My DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Wednesday afternoon I bade good-bye to Portland, where I had arranged with Bishop Neely, of the Diocese of Maine, for holding a service, which I shall do, at St. Luke's Cathedral, on the 6th of October, in which he seems greatly interested. He is the "right man in the right place" for deaf-mutes; that is he is as much interested in the spiritual welfare of such persons as he can be. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with a sweet face. He told me that he wished he could understand our sign-language so as to be able to preach the word of God to us as the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is. If he could use the signs as well as we can he would, no doubt, make a splendid preacher for deaf-mutes.

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, can spell on his fingers as well as we do, and could make himself useful to such persons by preaching in the sign-language. He is an eloquent orator, and has been chosen commencement orator at the University of Virginia, next July, which was founded at Charlottesville, Va., about thirty-six miles from Staunton, by Thomas Jefferson, who once wished to attach a deaf and dumb department to the university, but his wish was killed by opposition.

In the evening I got off at Annapolis, Me., for the night, merely to make arrangements for conducting a service there on my return, which is to be on Wednesday night, October 2d. During my short sojourn I called on William A. Scoles, his sister, Mrs. Annie R. Larabee, and John A. Crane, a graduate of the deaf-mute college, all of whom looked well, and with whom I had pleasant conversations. I advised Mr. Crane to form a Bible-class for deaf-mutes at once, as I regarded him well qualified because he has received a collegiate education. I am in strong hopes that he may succeed in that noble work.

On Thursday evening I got on board the St. John express train, which left me at Bangor late at night. I did intend going on to Quebec the next day, but they told me that I ought to have started from Portland via the Grand Trunk Railway. Soon after it came into my mind that I had better come on to this city, which I decided at once to do.

On Friday afternoon I started for St. John, and stopped over at Mattawamkeag for the night, to see John A. Larabee, who gave me a cordial welcome, though we had never seen each other before.

Yesterday I bade good-bye to the United States at Vancleave, Me., a border town, entered this Dominion, and got here last night. After leaving Vancleave the country looked very rocky, and the farms full of dead stumps for half the way, after which the nearer we approached this city the better cultivated the fields looked. On our approach the city presented a fine appearance.

St. John is the most populous city on the Atlantic coast. It is rapidly recovering from the disastrous fire of more than two years ago, and already shows many fine new buildings, while the work of rebuilding still goes steadily on. This enterprising city has a variety of attractions, among which may be specified the graceful suspension bridge across the river, below the falls. From here the traveler can make a pleasant trip by steamer up the St. John, a river of unsurpassing beauty, to Fredericton, the capital of the Province of New Brunswick, which has among its public buildings a cathedral of great beauty, finely located at the river's side. This morning, it being cold enough to form ice, I had recourse to my overcoat, for the first time, by daylight, for one year, which I did not need during my southern missionary trip. I walked a mile and a half to the deaf and dumb institution, where I was cordially received by its principal, Mr. Alfred H. Abell. I found him the "right man in the right place," under the circumstances that surround the institution. He said he founded the school in that city in 1873, and had at once 52 pupils in attendance and over 40 other applications. The institution has had sixty pupils from various parts of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island since it was started, in 1873. It was burnt in the great fire of St. John, and there was no insurance on it. The principal was at that time absent on Prince Edward Island. The terrible situation of the pupils must have been distressing. He said the school lost \$4,000. He is erecting a new building outside of the city, and says it will be ready for boarding pupils by the middle of November next, though it will not then be completed. He is having it plastered. I was shown over the new building and found it well planned and ventilated. The house is 42x36, with 8 stories, each 10 feet high, except the attic, which is 9 feet. There will be thirteen bedrooms in the attic, 9x9 or 10 feet, each of which will accommodate one tall pupil or two small ones. He said he had a large sky-light made for a fire-escape in case of fire. He said he was using the kitchen, which was finished, as his dining and sleeping-room. The other rooms are now in the hands of the plasterers. The school-room, when completed, will be used as a study-room and chapel. He will make common desks for the school-room until he can get better ones. He says he will add a large kitchen to the house with his own hands, and the assistance of his pupils, who know the carpenter's trade pretty well. The land on which the institution stands contains 3½ acres more, reserved for Mr. Abell until he can pay for it. He

says the house does not wholly belong to him, but partly so. He paid all for it out of his own means. I asked him if the institution was private or public, and he answered "half." He said that the parliament of New Brunswick only gave \$1,250, which was used to pay old debts, and he applied for \$500 more to start, but he found, unexpectedly, that the Government had applied for \$1,250. He has built his new house mostly out of his own means and out of the collections he and his agents are making. He says he cannot take as many as before, but about a fifth of the old number, but more funds allow him to receive more. He is a man of great energy and perseverance. He may well say "I will not give up the ship." I return to the United States to-morrow night. I would go on to Halifax, but my previous engagements order me to Augusta, Portland, and several important points. I have just begun my northern mission work in earnest.

Yours sincerely, Job Turner.

## PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 29, 1878.  
EDITOR JOURNAL.—There have been some incidents in connection with this institution which have led me to write for the valuable and appreciated Journal.

The institution was once more occupied by its former inmates on the 4th of September, 1878, and the number of pupils has increased very rapidly. The boys number one hundred and ninety-three, and the girls one hundred and twenty-three. Thirty-two new boys and seventeen new girls have been admitted, and several of them are bright-looking. To please the new, male scholars, who, you know, often get homesick, our kind and gracious steward conducted them to the Permanent Exhibition in Fairmount Park, and the Zoological Gardens, and they expressed their ideas by some very curious signs. He also gave them a good ride on a steamer down the Delaware River, to Gloucester, N. J.

Miss Emma Garrett, of this city, was appointed as a new articulation teacher, in place of Prof. Edward B. Crane, who resigned the position last summer, after having been teaching here nearly two years, which seems very short. It is said he has left this country for Scotland. We may never see him again. Miss Garrett had studied "Visible Speech," in the School of Vocal Physiology, at Boston, Mass., seven months, and she understands the symbols used in Professor Bell's "Visible Speech" quite well. She entered upon her duties, I think, on Monday, the 9th inst., and it is hoped that she can continue as a teacher as long as she likes. She is a sister of Miss Annie B. Garrett, an articulation instructor at the Central New York Institution. We have two articulation teachers: Miss Rebecca H. Cropper teaches the girls, and Miss Garrett the boys.

Mr. William Jenkins has been appointed as a new teacher, to fill a vacancy and complete the corps of teachers. He came here last Tuesday morning and visited some, perhaps all, of the classes, I believe, in order to see how the deaf-mutes are taught here. He is acquainted with the sign-language, having been principal of the deaf and dumb institution in Arkansas, for two years. He is a good-looking gentleman, and the belief is that he will teach well. Last Wednesday he began to teach the class, entirely comprised of new boys, who were taught a few days ago by Mr. Joseph A. Roop, one of our preceptors.

One of the latest improvements made here is the new water-filters, one at the corner of the boys' dining-room and the other at the side of the boys' sitting-room; and also one at the corner of the girls' scullery and the other at the end of the girls' sitting-room, and they are to filter the water, which, you know, sometimes gets dirty from the rains, so that we may have clear water to drink, and therefore we are delighted to have clear, fresh water.

It is said that Mr. John Carlin, a deaf-mute, of New York city, will give an interesting account of Mr. Joseph O. Pyatt's life, one of the teachers who died last August, to the deaf-mutes in St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, on Tenth streets, between Chestnut and Market streets, in this city, on Thursday, October 3d, 1878. Mr. A. L. E. Croner, one of our teachers, will be an interpreter, who will read it to the hearers. CLASS.

## "NEXT DOOR."

About 9 o'clock yesterday morning a farmer-looking man entered a grocery store on Woodward avenue, having a jug in one hand, and he said to one of the clerks:

"I want two pounds of nails and—"

"Next door," promptly replied the clerk, motioning with his thumb.

The farmer entered the store next door, placed his jug on the counter, and said:

"I want a gallon of molasses and—"

"Next door," said the proprietor, motioning towards the grocery.

The farmer looked at him for a minute, and then went out and re-entered the other store. As the clerk came forward again the man with the jug remarked:

"Why in blazes couldn't you have told me in the first place that I could get the molasses here and the nails next door? What's the use of being so mighty high-toned about nothing?"

[Detroit Free Press.]

—It is reported that Sitting Bull was lately badly, perhaps fatally, wounded in a quarrel with some of his chiefs.

—A Maine man has been Postmaster of his town for fifty years.

## The Children's Corner.

### A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.

Mary Belle Low, scarcely fourteen years of age, is a shepherdess, whose years cheeks, sun-burnt face, and graceful form as she mounts her pony, would excite the envy of many city belles. Some days ago, while looking after her woolly wards, she discovered a full-grown wolf, of the coyote species, stealthily approaching the flock. She put her horse to his speed and the wolf fled. Then there was a race over the hills and prairie, neither showing any indication of fatigue, and finally he was compelled to consider himself "run down." Now came the "bug of war." The little maiden unbuckled her bridle rein, and with the ring at the end, and this only made good her position as mistress of the situation, and without alighting from her saddle, soon disabled her foe and saved her lambs. Then she started for the nearest neighbor for assistance, but found no one at home who could assist her, save another girl, who mounted another pony, and, armed only with a dull knife, these two girls were soon galloping over the prairie to save the scalp, for which the county pays a "royalty" when presented to the proper officer. When they returned, the principal of the Red Riding Hood escapade had partially recovered and was moving off. But one girl threw him down, and the other cut his throat.

—The total number of deaths by yellow fever in New Orleans up to October 1st was 2,898, and the whole number of cases was 9,616.

—William A. Thompson, a member of the Canadian Parliament, died at Welland, Ont., September 30th. He was the originator of the Canada Southern Railway.

—Criminal proceedings are about to be begun against the old Indian ring contractors, and none of the old ring birds are to be considered in future contracts.

—Jeremiah Donovan, a convict in the Jackson, Mich., Penitentiary, serving a five years' sentence for burglary, threw himself upon a swiftly revolving fly wheel and was crushed to jelly.

—A verdict of \$3,050 has lately been rendered in Syracuse against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company for the killing of two women at East Syracuse in April, 1878.

—Mrs. Kate Dusk was taken suddenly sick in one of the cars of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and died in the Communi-paw depot waiting-room soon after the arrival of the train.

—The last shipment of Morris county, N. J., peaches was made October 1st. During the present year many have set out orchards, and the shipments were only 5,000 baskets against 18,000 last year.

—Work was resumed October 1st in the collieries in the section of Pottsville, Pa., to continue two weeks, and on the 1st of November there will be another resumption, when a full month's work is expected.

—Edward H. Goff, ex-president of the Boston, Montreal and Portland Railroad, also the ex-president and general manager of the Canadian Agricultural Insurance Company, has disappeared, it is believed to escape several indictments.

—The superintendent and 20 of the 175 boys of the Reform School at Washington, D. C., were recently affected by poison, but all recovered. It was thought that some of the meat they ate at dinner was poisoned in some manner during the cooking.

—David Devine, who endeavored to escape from a New York court officer, was fired upon by a policeman, the ball missing the intended target, but hitting and slightly wounding a citizen. Great excitement prevailed for a short time, but the prisoner was finally captured.

—The Yute Indians are soon to be removed to a reservation at the head waters of the Navajo and Blanch rivers, isolated from white settlements and inaccessible to supplies. Government will remove them at the most favorable time. These Indians number about 2,500, and are at present 200 miles from railroad facilities.

—The merchants of Amoy, China, claim that tea is adulterated worse this year than ever heretofore. Leaves of the willow are prepared for the purpose. A consular body has laid the matter before the Chinese authorities, and the Governor of the province has issued a proclamation offering a reward for information leading to the conviction of offenders.

—A few weeks ago Dr. J. Thens Taylor, a well-to-do and prosperous physician of New York, but a native of the South, volunteered his services to the yellow fever sufferers of Louisiana, which were accepted by the Howard Association, and he immediately went to New Orleans, where he rendered valuable aid till a few days ago, when he succumbed to the epidemic and his death was announced by the despatches.

—The whiskey cases known as first and second batch came up before Judge Harlan at Chicago on the 30th ult. In the first batch there were ten cases, of which two were decided in favor of the Government and six in favor of the whiskey men, the judge affirming the decision of the court before that promises of immunity relieve defendants from all criminal proceedings and civil proceedings for penalties. The nine cases in the second batch were all decided in favor of the Government. Judge Harlan held that the President's pardon did not relieve the defendants from payment of taxes on their property, as was claimed by defendants, but it did relieve from all other proceedings.

—An investment.—Mamma.—"Well, Tommy, what did Uncle Dives give you when you went to see him yesterday?" Tommy—"He gave me a beautiful bright new three-penny-piece!" Papa—"And what are you going to do with it?" Tommy—"I'm going to buy a purse to put it in."—Punch.

—A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them; in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the month, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength was soon restored. Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given under authority of the British Medical Journal.

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—A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, worked in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much—you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four gentlemen can do."

"Ah! What is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

—A GREAT MISTAKE.

Boys often think it does not make any difference how they live when they are young; that when they come to settle down as men they can leave all their wild ways and begin again. Whenever they stop doing wrong, they think they will be just the same as if they had always done right. But this is a great mistake. Everything a boy or man does helps to make him. Every boy should be careful not to fall into any habits he does not want to carry with him after he grows up, for he will find it very hard to throw them off. Whatever he would like to be when he becomes a man he should try to be while he is a boy.—Early Dawn.

—WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

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## CONDENSED NEWS.

—The mint coinage for last month was 3,129,650 pieces of the value of \$8,340,500.

—Gilmore's Band has had great musical success in Europe, and returns free from debt.

—A disease resembling staggers has recently killed many horses in some counties of New Jersey.

—The City of Glasgow Bank closed its doors on the 2d inst. Its liabilities are stated to be \$50,000,000.

—The trustees of the Teutonia Bank, of New York, have been held under \$1,000 bonds for embezzlement.

—The body of a girl, apparently eight years of age, washed ashore at Ocean Beach, N. J., October 1st.

—The Virginia State treasury is said to be empty, and the Governor has applied to the banks for a loan.

—Richard Bles, a conspicuous citizen of Williamsburg, N. Y., has been missing from his home for several days.

—Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, was recently thrown from a carriage and seriously injured at Newport, R. I.

—Edward Hoyt was recently sentenced at Bridgeport, Conn., to be hanged October 24th, 1879, for the murder of his father.

—The total number of deaths by yellow fever in New Orleans up to October 1st was 2,898, and the whole number of cases was 9,616.

—William A. Thompson, a member of the Canadian Parliament, died at Welland, Ont., September 30th. He was the originator of the Canada Southern Railway.

—Criminal proceedings are about to be begun against the old Indian ring contractors, and none of the old ring birds are to be considered in future contracts.

—Jeremiah Donovan, a convict in the Jackson, Mich., Penitentiary, serving a five years' sentence for burglary, threw himself upon a swiftly revolving fly wheel and was crushed to jelly.

—A verdict of \$3,050 has lately been rendered in Syracuse against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company for the killing of two women at East Syracuse in April, 1878.

—Mrs. Kate Dusk was taken suddenly sick in one of the cars of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and died in the Communi-paw depot waiting-room soon after the arrival of the train.

—The last shipment of Morris county, N. J., peaches was made October 1st. During the present year many have set out orchards, and the shipments were only 5,000 baskets against 18,000 last year.

—Work was resumed October 1st in the collieries in the section of Pottsville, Pa., to continue two weeks, and on the 1st of November there will be another resumption, when a full month's work is expected.

—Edward H. Goff, ex-president of the Boston, Montreal and Portland Railroad, also the ex-president and general manager of the Canadian Agricultural Insurance Company, has disappeared, it is believed to escape several indictments.

—The superintendent and 20 of the 175 boys of the Reform School at Washington, D. C., were recently affected by poison, but all recovered. It was thought that some of the meat they ate at dinner was poisoned in some manner during the cooking.

—David Devine, who endeavored to escape from a New York court officer, was fired upon by a policeman, the ball missing the intended target, but hitting and slightly wounding a citizen. Great excitement prevailed for a short time, but the prisoner was finally captured.

—The Yute Indians are soon to be removed to a reservation at the head waters of the Navajo and Blanch rivers, isolated from white settlements and inaccessible to supplies. Government will remove them at the most favorable time. These Indians number about 2,500, and are at present 200 miles from railroad facilities.

—The merchants of Amoy, China, claim that tea is adulterated worse this year than ever heretofore. Leaves of the willow are prepared for the purpose. A consular body has laid the matter before the Chinese authorities, and the Governor of the province has issued a proclamation offering a reward for information leading to the conviction of offenders.

—A few weeks ago Dr. J. Thens Taylor, a well-to-do and prosperous physician of New York, but a native of the South, volunteered his services to the yellow fever sufferers of Louisiana, which were accepted by the Howard Association, and he immediately went to New Orleans, where he rendered valuable aid till a few days ago, when he succumbed to the epidemic and his death was announced by the despatches.

—The whiskey cases known as first and second batch came up before Judge Harlan at Chicago on the 30th ult. In the first batch there were ten cases, of which two were decided in favor of the Government and six in favor of the whiskey men, the judge affirming the decision of the court before that promises of immunity relieve defendants from all criminal proceedings and civil proceedings for penalties. The nine cases in the second batch were all decided in favor of the Government. Judge Harlan held that the President's pardon did not relieve the defendants from payment of taxes on their property, as was claimed by defendants, but it did relieve from all other proceedings.

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"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

—A GREAT MISTAKE.

Boys often think it does not make any difference how they live when they are young; that when they come to settle down as men they can leave all their wild ways and begin again. Whenever they stop doing wrong, they think they will be just the same as if they had always done right. But this is a great mistake. Everything a boy or man does helps to make him. Every boy should be careful not to fall into any habits he does not want to carry with him after he grows up, for he will find it very hard to throw them off. Whatever he would like to be when he becomes a man he should try to be while he is a boy.—Early Dawn.

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